

Christmas

Harper's Magazine

W. L. GEORGE'S

First American Impressions

"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

A Defense of the American Stage

By WILLIAM ARCHER

Faery Lands of the Sea

By JAMES NORMAN HALL
and CHARLES NORDHOFF

Two Christmas Mornings of
The Great War

A Group of Poems by
ROBERT FROST

Price 45 Cents

DECEMBER



We're no longer a nation of "red-blooded Americans"

—Scientists say

*One in every three—rich or poor—
suffers from malnutrition*

RED-BLOODED American"—in that phrase historians and biographers have summed up the attributes of strength in many an American pioneer and leader.

Red blood is a synonym of health and vigor; it is the nourisher of human life.

The pale cheeks and pallid lips of millions of Americans today, the lack of vitality and vim so often complained of, indicate, authorities say, a deficiency of certain food elements our blood and body tissues need.

The 16 vital elements

Sixteen natural food elements are needed to keep the normal human being strong and well.

And in the wheat grain Nature provides all of these elements in more nearly the proper proportion than any other food, save possibly milk.

But many of the most important of these are lost in the modern methods of wheat preparation, through the removal of the six outer layers of the grain, commonly called the bran.

The iron, for instance, which makes that part of the red corpuscles in the blood which carries life-giving oxygen to every cell in the system.

The calcium, which is the largest constituent of strong bones and the solid enamel of the teeth.

And phosphorous, absolutely essential to the nerves and brain.

In our foods of protein, starches, sugars and fats we must also have these organic mineral elements. They're vital to health and growth. So Nature put them in the whole wheat grain.



The 16 vital elements of nutrition

Oxygen	Sodium
Hydrogen	Chlorin
Nitrogen	Fluorin
Carbon	Silicon
Sulphur	Manganese
Magnesium	Potassium
Phosphorous	Iron
Calcium	Iodine

Each grain of wheat contains these sixteen vital elements. Read how many of them are lost in modern methods of wheat preparation.

Only when we get a sufficient supply of *all* these elements are we filled with that abundant vitality of "red-blooded Americans."

A delicious whole wheat food

Thousands now draw from Nature's larder the sixteen vital elements—in Pettijohn's, a whole wheat breakfast food of rich and gratifying taste.

Its steaming fragrance awakens sluggish appetites in young and old. With cream and sugar it makes a vital energy ration of luscious nut-like flavor.

If you have been feeling below normal in energy and vim—try Pettijohn's.

If you suffer from congestion of the intestinal tract, give this food with its natural bran laxative a chance to set you right.

If you have a child who does not radiate health in the sparkle of the eye, in the color of the cheeks and the full development of his body—try Pettijohn's. Give him a chance to become a real "Red-blooded American."

Your grocer has Pettijohn's—or will gladly get it for you. Make tomorrow's breakfast of this delicious sixteen-vital-elements food.

Made by the Quaker Oats Co., 1630-P Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Joseph Anthony came after them
and gave me a fresh send off
with the magazine public. R.F.

A GROUP OF POEMS

BY ROBERT FROST

FIRE AND ICE

SOME say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great,
And would suffice.

WILD GRAPES

WHAT tree may not the fig be gathered from?
The grape may not be gathered from the birch?
It's all you know the grape, or know the birch.
As a girl gathered from the birch myself
Equally with my weight in grapes one autumn,
I ought to know what tree the grape is fruit of.
I was born, I suppose, like anyone,
And grew to be a little boyish girl
My brother could not always leave at home.
But that beginning was wiped out in fear
The day I swung suspended with the grapes,
And was come after like Eurydice
And brought down safely from the upper regions;
And the life I live now's an extra life
I can waste as I please on whom I please.
So if you see me celebrate two birthdays,
And give myself out of two different ages,
One of them five years younger than I look—

One day my brother led me to a glade,
Where a white birch he knew of stood alone,
Wearing a thin headdress of pointed leaves,
And heavy on her heavy hair behind,
Against her neck, an ornament of grapes.

For prying beneath and forcing the lids of sight,
 And loosing the pent-up music of over night.
 But dawn was not to begin their "pearly-pearly"
 (By which they mean the rain is pearls so early
 Before it changes to diamonds in the sun),
 Neither was song that day to be self-begun.
 You had begun it, and if there needed proof—
 I was asleep still under the dripping roof,
 My window curtain hung over the sill to wet;
 But I should awake to confirm your story yet;
 I should be willing to say and help you say
 That once you had opened the valley's singing day.

THE NEED OF BEING VERSED IN COUNTRY THINGS

THE house had gone to bring again
 To the midnight sky a sunset glow.
 Now the chimney was all of the house that stood,
 Like a pistil after the petals go.

The barn opposed across the way,
 That would have joined the house in flame
 Had it been the will of the wind, was left
 To bear forsaken the place's name.

No more it opened with all one end
 For teams that came by the stony road
 To drum on the floor with scurrying hoofs
 And brush the mow with the summer load.

The birds that came to it through the air
 At broken windows flew out and in,
 Their murmur more like the sigh we sigh
 From too much dwelling on what has been.

Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,
 And the aged elm, though touched with fire;
 And the dry pump flung up an awkward arm;
 And the fence post carried a strand of wire.

For them there was really nothing sad.
 But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept,
 One had to be versed in country things
 Not to believe the phœbes wept.





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